

The Goddeses Glory:

OR, THE Loyal Lover Wounded

By their splended Beauty.

To the Tune of, *Walking beneath the Shades.*

This may be Printed, R. P.



I.

When the soft winds did blow
in the fair flourishing Spring,
Where silver Streams did flow,
and the sweet small Birds did sing :

The Hills Enamell'd were,
With fragrant Flowers fair,
pleasant and gay :
Through shades and groves I went,
Then with a full intent
to gather May.

II.

A pleasant Flow'ry plain,
at length I there did espy,
Where a young Female Train,
made a most sweet harmony ;
On Lutes they play'd and sung,
VVhich were most sweetly strung,
all the long Day,
The which did charm me so,
That I forgot to go
to gather May.

III.

Clorena she was there,
whom the young Swains do adore,
And Florencia fair,
with many youthful Nymphs more ;
The one for Beauty bright,
Cast such a splendid light,
out-shin'd the day,
I ask't who she might be,
Straight it was told to me,
the Queen of May.

IV.

There was none could compare
with her among all the rest :
The Tresses of her Hair
shaded her white snowy Breast :

Long did I stand and gaze,
VVords cannot speak her praise,
being so gay ;
Then I thought in my mind,
That I should never find
more sweeter May.

V.

The Harmony they made,
my yielding Fancy did move ;
So that I was betray'd
in the sweet Raptures of love :
Their Voices soft and sweet,
Did with their Musick meet,
as they did play ;
Thought I, I'd rather be,
In their sweet Company,
than gather May.

VI.

No man felt greater smart
than I, in all the whole Earth,
Being deny'd a part
in their sweet innocent Mirth ;
The Nymph that wounded me,
VVould not to that agree,
but said me nay ;
Fair Florencia was her name ;
I wish't I ne'r had came
to gather May.

VII.

They were Array'd in white,
with their fine Kerchers of Lawn ;
But e're the gloomy Night,
her sable Curtains had drawn,
Homeward they did repair,
And left me VVounded there,
where I did stay,
Being perplex't in mind,
Knowing not where to find
the Queen of May.

FINIS.

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